

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



MEMORIAL DAY, 1899.

THREE VETERANS UNDER ONE FLAG.

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IN LUZON.

FIRST FILIPINO.—Is Aguinaldo discouraged?
SECOND FILIPINO.—Yes, indeed! A friend of mine heard him say that all is lost but honor and the gold whistle.

MOVES IN THE FIRST CIRCLES.

"Is your terrier a thorough-bred?"
"A thorough-bred? Well, I should say so! He never barks at anything less than an Angora cat."

HOW SHE KNOWS.

"She is 'America's greatest actress,'" said Mrs. Tenspot, speaking of a tragedienne whose name came up in conversation.
"Indeed! Who says so?" asked Mr. Tenspot.
"The man who makes the pills that cured her of indigestion."

THE ORDER OF EVENTS.

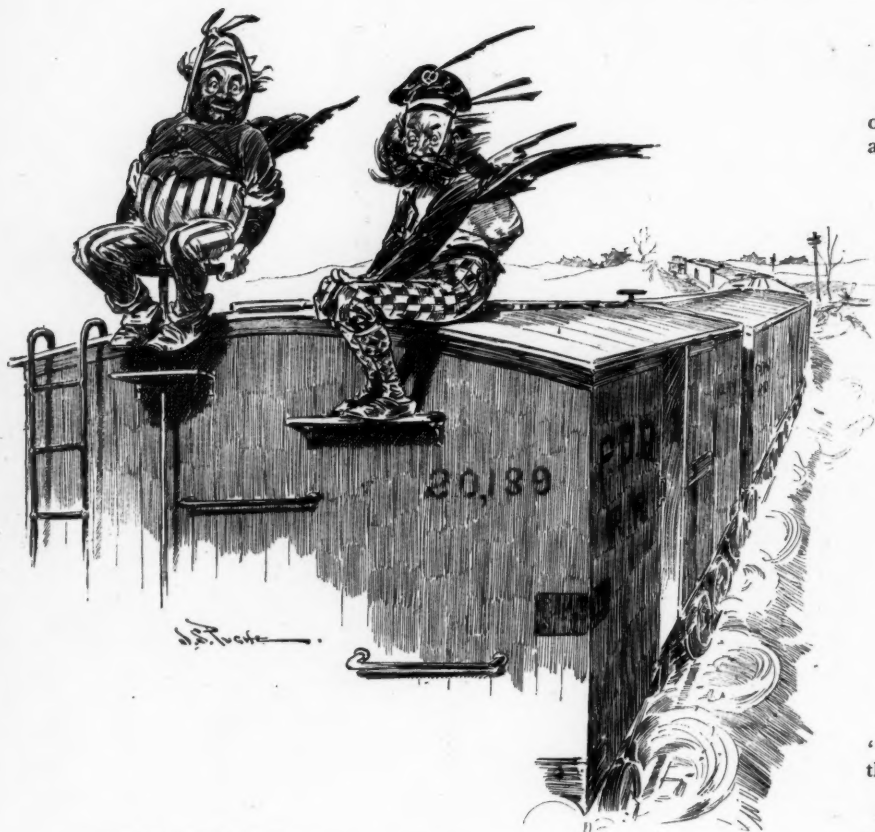
Whene'er the course of love is smooth
This sequence is obeyed:
For first there is a maid so true,
And then a trousseau made.

WOULD NOT BE INVESTIGATED.

"You ask me," said the captured pirate, "how many vessels I have robbed and scuttled on the Spanish Main?"
"I do," said the captain of the war ship.
"Then," said the haughty prisoner, "in the first place, I won't answer no questions about me personal business; and, besides, I disremember. See?"

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

FOSTER.—It is my belief that elections come too frequently in this country. In some lines, at least, they demoralize business to a considerable extent.
FELTON.—That's true enough. A man has to hustle to get his old election bets paid by the time there's a new election.



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A VAGUE APPREHENSION.

WEARY WILLY.—I'm gittin' a little nervous about dese here flying-machines!
PLODDING PETERS.—Why nervous?
WEARY WILLY.—Well, as soon as dey gits flying-machines dey 'll be gittin' aerial freight trains, and it won't be no cinch gittin' chucked off an aerial freight train, lemme tell yer!

DEATH KNOCKS alike at palace and hovel, and you can't tell by the way a man snores whether his bedstead is hammered brass or imitation oak.

SHIFTING THE BLAME.



I.
WILLY (*horried, aside*).—Oh! goodness me! Just see what I have done! Dropped a spot of ink on my new trousers! That makes me due for a trouncing.



II.
"There's only one thing I can do! Pop can't punish himself. I'll just put this ink back of his elbow."



III.
"Then I'll fix myself right in a line and wait till Pop gets enthusiastic over that paper."

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHAFING DISH

WHEN HELEN at the chafing dish
Presided with bewitching grace,
It seemed as though my dearest wish
Would have the girl in such a place.
Enthroned she was as any queen,
An air domestic lent its charm,
So fair a face was never seen —
Or, when she "stirred," so fair an arm.

Obedient I made a "cream"
Of flour and butter — ground with might,
Between times sniffing at the steam
That leaked beneath a cover tight.
At what the mystic depths evolved
She once permitted me to look —
And instantly I firm resolved
To eat it all and kiss the cook.

And when the blue and lambent flame
Was quenched, and "done" the mixture stood,
(To which Nell gave a funny name,)
We both pronounced it "very good."
Perchance, Olympic deities
Had dish like this — I'm much afraid
They lacked the best, because there is
None else divine as Helen made.

A sweet good-night — despite demur —
And home with hopes and joys increased,
Where waited sleep, and dreams of her —
A fine dessert to such a feast.
Alas! I dreamed most hideously
Of monstrous birds and beasts and fish —
How strange and sad a legacy
From dainty Helen's chafing dish!

Edwin L. Sabin.



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AN INNOVATION.

"I presume the presentation of the cantata by local talent at the Town Hall, the other night, was an interesting performance?" queried the drummer, politely.

"Wa-al, yes, I s'pose it was," replied the proprietor of the corner grocery. "Anything that is new and novel is gener'ly more or less interestin', and I'm bound to say that there were some parts of the performance that were original enough to edify the most exactin' critic. The title of the cantata was 'Sampson and Delilah;' and while some of the actin' was real natural and some of it was n't, it averaged up pretty middlin' well. In the main, the whole piece was made as near like the Scriptural original as possible; Delilah, who was a bloomin' young grass-widder with curly

red hair, was a real temptin'-lookin' actress; the temple looked pretty rich, even if it did tumble down on its own hook a spell before it was time to pull it down; the Philippines — I mean, the Philistines — looked mighty mean and desperate; but, still, I have to say that I was kinder startled at the novelty of the idee of introducin' two Sampsons on the scene at the same time. You see, they could n't git a man that seemed sufficiently big and strong-lookin' to fit their notion of appropriateness, and so they assigned two little men to the part. Of course, it was a novel idee, and all that, but it kinder struck me as bein' a little bit darin', to say the least about it. But — eh-yah! — it was an interestin' performance, all right enough, if you just happened to look at it from the proper standpoint."

Tom P. Morgan.



IV.

WILLY'S POPPER.— Oh! ho, ho, ho, ho! That is the best thing I ever saw in all my —



V.

"Don't cry! don't cry! It was an accident! My hilarity got the best of me. It's no use crying over spilled milk. Never mind!"



VI.

WILLY (philosophically).— There's more than one way of saving your bacon!

TWO-FACED JANUS.



IT WAS cold and sharp without but in the saloon the temperature was agreeable. There was clean sand on the floor; some thrushes, singing in a big cage, made a forest of sound; green plants were growing in a corner, and the sunshine which was only a mockery outdoors was real and cheerful within.

The proprietor of Frank's Place was silently polishing the bar. He wore that haughty look of confidence in the future which saloon-keepers use to distinguish themselves from poets. There was but one other occupant of the room. He was neither young nor old, and he had a gray, uncertain aspect. He was a difficult man to classify. He did not look as if he had a cent in the world, and yet he sat at ease at a table in the sunshine. He was evidently not a part-owner nor a poor relation nor an understudy to the bartender. He was not a customer, and he was not a loafer. His name was Janus.

While the proprietor continued to polish the bar and Mr. Janus continued to sit at his ease at the table in the sunshine, a customer came in. He was a well-dressed business man, and a stranger to the place. The proprietor slowly prepared the drink that the customer ordered.

It was a pleasant scene. With the anticipation of the drink coming it was idyllic. The man at the table thought no harm to read aloud from his comfortable paper. He accordingly adjusted his spectacles, and read aloud with the educational, improving voice which is heard around the evening lamp.

"We presume many well-informed persons would be surprised to learn the rate of wages in the Far East. Authentic tables published by the government show that in India a skilled bricklayer receives \$1 per month; factory hands, 76 cents; ice-cutters, 88 cents; a coolie in the rice fields, about 56 cents; and it must be remembered that in each case the employee pays his own board out of this seemingly small sum, and often brings up a large family."

"Them do seem like pretty small wages," said Mr. Janus.

"And board themselves, do they?" asked the new-comer.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Janus, cheerfully; "and it seems to me what I have always said: that there is not another country pays the wages we do. Oh! of course, they pay their peers and kings more in them countries, but as far as the laboring man is concerned, he is the best paid here."

"That 'so," said the new-comer, heartily.

"Yes," said Mr. Janus, thoughtfully; "I believe this is the best country for the workingman, and I believe it's the best time he's ever seen on earth—right now."

"That 's what it is," said the man. "Won't you have a drink?"

"And I look," said Mr. Janus, looking at a tall drink, "I look to see labor understand its opportunities better."

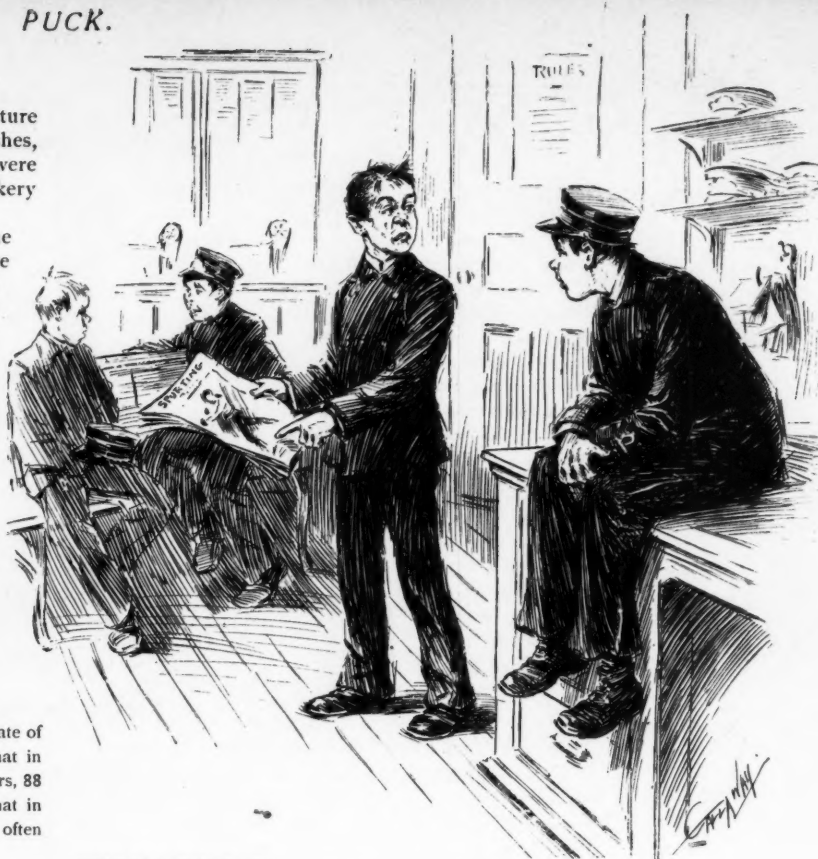
The new-comer went out, seeing the dawn of better days.

The birds sang, the plants were green, the proprietor polished the bar, and Mr. Janus sat at the table and read. Read on, noble soul!

A customer came in, an envied workingman, and at his mandate the proprietor slowly procured a long cone of cast glass, and slowly started to fill it. It was a pleasant scene. With the anticipation of the coming drink it was idyllic. Mr. Janus thought no harm to read aloud.

"We presume there are many well-informed persons who would be surprised to learn the modern tendency of wages. The rate of wage for the workingman has been decreasing for thirty years while the purchasing power has increased. On the other hand, the salaries of managers, heads of departments and officials of corporation has increased."

"Why," said Mr. Janus



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HOW IT LOOKED.

FIRST MESSENGER BOY.—Who do yer t'ink 'll win de champeenship fight next mont'—Kehoe or McGonigal?

SECOND MESSENGER BOY.—McGonigal, uv course! Hain't yer read de reports 'bout his bein' a physical wreck from drink and breakin' two cords in his back and a bone in his right forearm?

thoughtfully, "that would make out that the poor man's dollar don't go quite as fur as it did."

"It don't, nuther," said the sovereign at the bar.

"And it seems to show, if this is correct, that the head men is getting the best of it."

"Sure thing!"

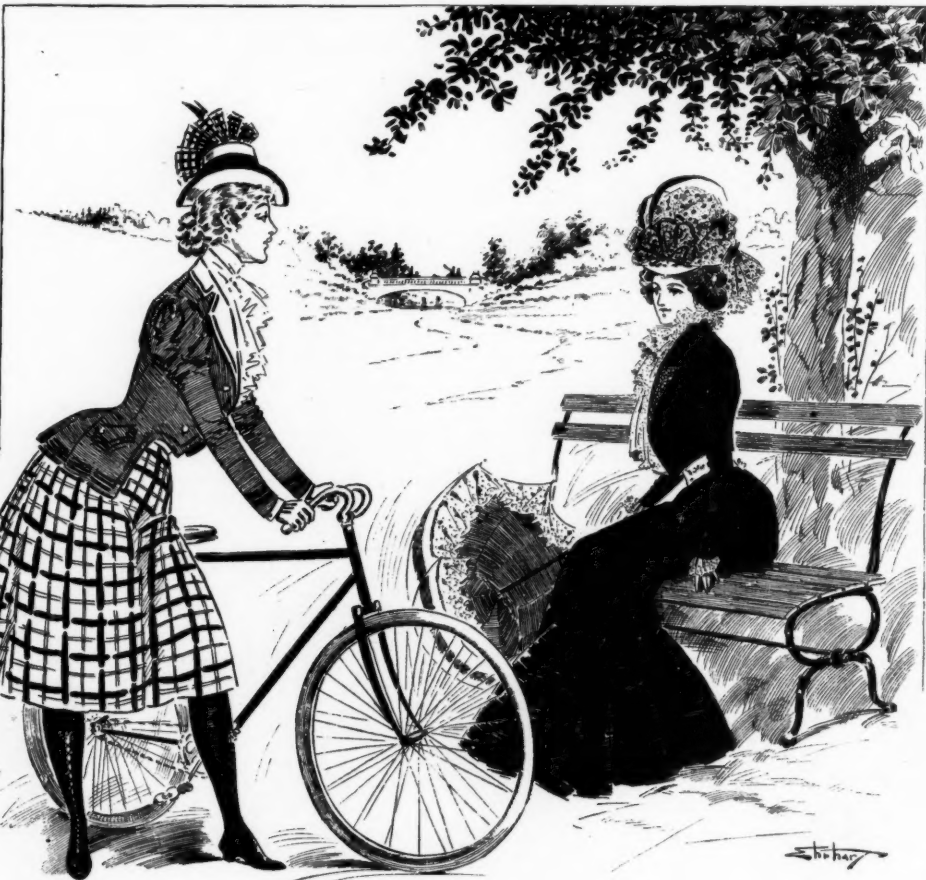
"And it seems to me what I've always claimed, that they ain't another political division where labor don't do better in proportion. The capi'lists will tell you about the high wages here and the low wages in Inja and such-like places. But it don't make no odds what you get; the question is where the wages goes furdur. Talk about Inja: why right in Inja to-day on their railroads the only difference between the pay of a section hand and a division superintendent is only five cents a day."

"More like it," said the man, seizing his vertical yard of beer.

"And I have to admit," said Mr. Janus,

"that in this country that they brag of, labor can't keep up with wealth socially, nor educationally, nor in extravagance, nor profligacy, nor nuthin'."

"It can't, nuther," said the man at the bar. "What 'll ye have?" Williston Fish.



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AN ESTIMATE.

MISS WALKER.—Would it take me long to learn?

MISS WHEELER.—Oh, no! You would learn to ride in half the time you have to spend explaining why you don't.



A BRUSH ON THE ROAD.

THE LION.—So long, Tusks! Sorry you're too stout to keep up with the procession.

THE ELEPHANT (*indignantly*).—Too stout, eh? When I get through with you, you'll want to shake those zebras for an auto-mobile.

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PUCKOGRAPHS.—II.

AN ALL-'ROUND BIG MAN.

will wake up and find himself famous!" they exclaimed.

The poet's wife shook her head sadly.

"Reginald has insomnia so dreadfully!" she replied, with a sigh.

INDEPENDENCE.

MART. COCHDALE.—He seems to glory in his unpopularity.

HI. BALL.—Loves himself for the enemies he has made, eh?

HIS DESPONDENCY.

"It took about all the money I could rake and scrape," said old Farmer Bentback, bitterly, "to put my son through the High School an' then to send him to college. But I did n't regret it, even though I was so tired some nights that I could skurcely sleep; I consoled myself with the thought that it was for the boy's sake, an' even when I was breakin' down my health an' fracturin' my temper everlastin'ly workin' for him, it gave me a good deal of satisfaction to think that he'd turn out to be a heap sight smarter man than his rough-barked old dad ever was. An' now he's graduated, an' —"

"An' what, old feller?" asked Farmer Honk, sympathetically. "What's happened?"

"Why, the first day after he got home he was accepted as a juror in a murder case! To think that a son of mine should turn out to be such a durned, senseless, know-nothin' fool, after all the expense an' trouble he's cost me!"

PRACTICAL DIFFICULTY.

"Some day your husband

RELIEF.

"Brooklyn," exclaimed the Stork in the fable, "is a nightmare! I wonder how it would do if I got the English Sparrow to help me out during the busy season?"



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MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

MRS. ABRAHAMS.—Ach, heavens! Leedle Shakey has shust swallowed der giraffe out of hees Noah's Ark!

MR. ABRAHAMS.—Vell, tank God it vas n't der pig.



SPECIMEN PAGES FROM THE NEW BLUE RIBBON COOK-BOOK.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Select firm, plump oysters and scallop them evenly and neatly with a pair of sharp scissors. Now, with a needle threaded with pink silk, if for a pink tea, or blue if you wish Blue Points, work a button-hole stitch round the scallops. When finished, press carefully on the wrong side with a hot iron.

SHIRRED EGGS.—Carefully remove the shell from a fresh egg and hold the white and yolk firmly in the left hand. Now, with a fine needle and thread, gather the material in straight rows about half an inch apart. Draw up to the required fullness and fasten neatly the ends of thread.

FLANNEL CAKES.—These are delicious for breakfast and are simply made by cutting out circular pieces of Canton flannel. Eat with spun sugar.

SNOW PUDDING.—Take about four quarts, say four and a half, of fresh snow. Wash it in several waters, and put it to soak in hot water over night. In the morning knead it up and set by the fire to rise. Add some melted glue and set aside to cool.

SPONGE CAKE.—Procure a large, fine sponge from a reliable druggist and soak until soft. Beat it to a froth with half its weight in butter. Add some cream. If the cream is bad, whip it. Add the juice and grated rind of two eggs and bake constantly.

ANGEL CAKE.—First catch your angel.

JELLY CAKE.—Purchase a good jellyfish and sweeten to taste. Spread between layers of marble cake made from the best Carrara marble.

CHERRY-STONE PUDDING.—(This is esteemed a great delicacy by those who hold that the stones have a finer flavor than the fruit.) Make a good batter and add two quarts of unstoned cherries and a few extra stones to give flavor. Eat with wine sauce. 'T is true 't is pitty, and pitty 't is, 't is true.

CHICKEN PATTY.—This dish is a lost art as Patti is no chicken.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Mix up some lard and flour and molasses. Place it in a pan and send to the table unbaked. This is the only way to secure a really soft gingerbread.

EGG-PLANT.—(See Incubator.)

SAND TARTS.—Fine white sand is the best for these. Take two cup-fuls, say two and a half, and add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Sweeten to taste and stick a Jordan almond or a piece of Bath Brick on top of each one.

Carolyn Wells.



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THE PROCEEDS.

MR. JACKSON.—Well, it's all over! She's returned de ring!

MR. JOHNSON.—Yais;—I knew it de minute I saw dat new suit ob clothes!

CONFIRMED.

"They tell me," said the ostrich, "that you are known as the 'Ship of the Desert.'"

"Right you are, my hearty!" replied the camel. "Shiver my timbers, but that's what some lubbers *do* call me!"

PROFESSIONAL MISFORTUNE.

There once was a feminine Dr.,—

Very good, except that she tr.

Patients to death,

And herself out of breath,

And out of some practice that knr.



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SENSE VERSUS SENTIMENT.

MISS CITIGIRL (*ecstatically*).—Oh! what a beautiful sight! An apple orchard in full bloom! If the trees could remain always thus, would n't it be delightful?

FARMER HORNYPALM.—Gosh all Jiminy, Miss! Anybody'd think to hear you talk that you was a canker-worm!

RECEIVED THEIR QUIETUS.

"Has Henpeck any settled opinions?"

"Oh, yes! His wife settles them."

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

FRIEND.—Oh, yes! He said you had a voice like a fog-horn.

THE TOWN-CRIER (*greatly pleased*).—Sayest thou so? I would that I might meet him to thank him for the compliment.

DEAD.

"It's a dead country!" exclaimed the editor of the defunct newspaper. "The people don't read, the merchants don't advertise, and the trusts pay only starvation rates for not being assaulted!"



PERHAPS THE reason why the sword has not yet been turned into the ploughshare is that there is not a high enough tariff on ploughshares.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON LIVING A HUNDRED YEARS. "FOR THE last five or six years," says Edward P. Kelly, of Merchantville, N. J., "I have fed myself by the dietetic rules of eminent English physicians, having committed to memory their analyses of foods, of quantities and proportions of nitrogen, starch and fat necessary for best nutrition,—at first eating food twice daily containing one and one-half ounces nitrogen, seven one-half ounces starch and three-quarters ounce fat." Mr. Kelly discloses other secrets of longevity, such as "never using tea, coffee or tobacco," "going into society or to public amusements rarely," "drinking one or two hours before each meal one half-pint warm, Pasteur-filtered water," "exercising twice daily three-quarters hour with light dumb-bells," "bathing once a week," "lying upon my back eight hours daily," "weighing myself every day," etc. It will be seen that the regimen is that of a methodical, painstaking man who has drilled himself in the very latest and best rules that science has been able to formulate for long-living. It should be added that these rules are obtained from Mr. Kelly's last will and testament; and that he died recently at the age of 74.

The case reeks with morals. It says, first, that if your aim be simply to pile up a lot of birthdays you will miss it; second, that every dietetic or hygienic rule you are conscious of restraining yourself with lessens your chances of life; third, that the laboratory of the cunningest chemist has yet to yield a theory of long-living that the most ignorant country lout may not disprove; fourth, that fear kills; fifth, that the length of life depends upon its quality; and, sixth, that life would not be worth living had we to spend it in cautiously following rules for keeping alive. If all these leave some enthusiast for long days in the land unconvinced, let him note that no theorists disagree so widely about the secret of long-living as do the authorities that claim most emphatically to know it. Had our friend chosen he could have found physicians equally eminent with his own who would have assured him that the rules he obeyed so religiously were killing him, and who would have produced a dozen other sets equally rigid and widely at variance with each other, and each claiming to hold the whole truth and nothing but the truth. One would have told him that bread is the staff of death; another that he must subsist chiefly upon bread. One would have warned him against fruit; another would have prescribed fruits and nuts exclusively. One would have prescribed meat and another as vehemently proscribed it. Until the doctors agree, then, it is no heresy to look for the secret in our own way.

Certainly, diet is important, but the trouble with systems like that of the late Mr. Kelly is that they inevitably breed more fear than confidence. Anxiety is inseparable from them, and anxiety is more deadly than any possible error of diet. Job put this truth forcibly when he said: "The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me." Imagine being in constant fear of eating three ounces of nitrogen instead of one and a half, or two ounces of fat instead of three-quarters of an ounce; or of lying on your back seven or nine hours instead of eight. The spectre presides at every one of those rites; nothing is spontaneous or care-free. And, what is still worse, the daily life of the victim becomes as unlovely to others as it must be to himself. His eternal rules make him not only a petulant coward, but he soon contracts that awful and most insidious of diseases, an ingrowing self. And no possible diet can keep him long alive.

And yet the multitude of dietetic and hygienic fads, the endless array of health foods, of sanitary oatmeal and sanitary underwear that mark the time so peculiarly are a good sign. They mean we have answered affirmatively a question that was asked with great seriousness not so many years ago. Now we no longer ask "Is life worth living?" We have found that the world grows better in spite of us and that life is well worth living,—even if it does still depend upon the liver. We allow our membership in the Suicide Club to lapse, and we read with a lively interest the prospectus of the Hundred Year Club. And, while we do not scorn rational hygiene, we are learning, nevertheless, that it makes far less difference what we eat than how we eat it. We are learning that a man with certain cheerful views of life and a certain sympathetic attitude toward his fellow men may eat and thrive on food that would poison a pessimist. We know there never was a healthy cynic nor one that lived long. Question any centenarian and you will find that he has paid little attention to diet. Indeed, most of them confess to hygienic misbehavior that is positively shocking. That they have been pretty cheerful all their lives is about all they can say. And they are never millionaires. The millionaire is as poor a life insurance risk as the cynic, for the trade of mere money-getting seems to kill the healthy human instincts that fortify a man against worry.

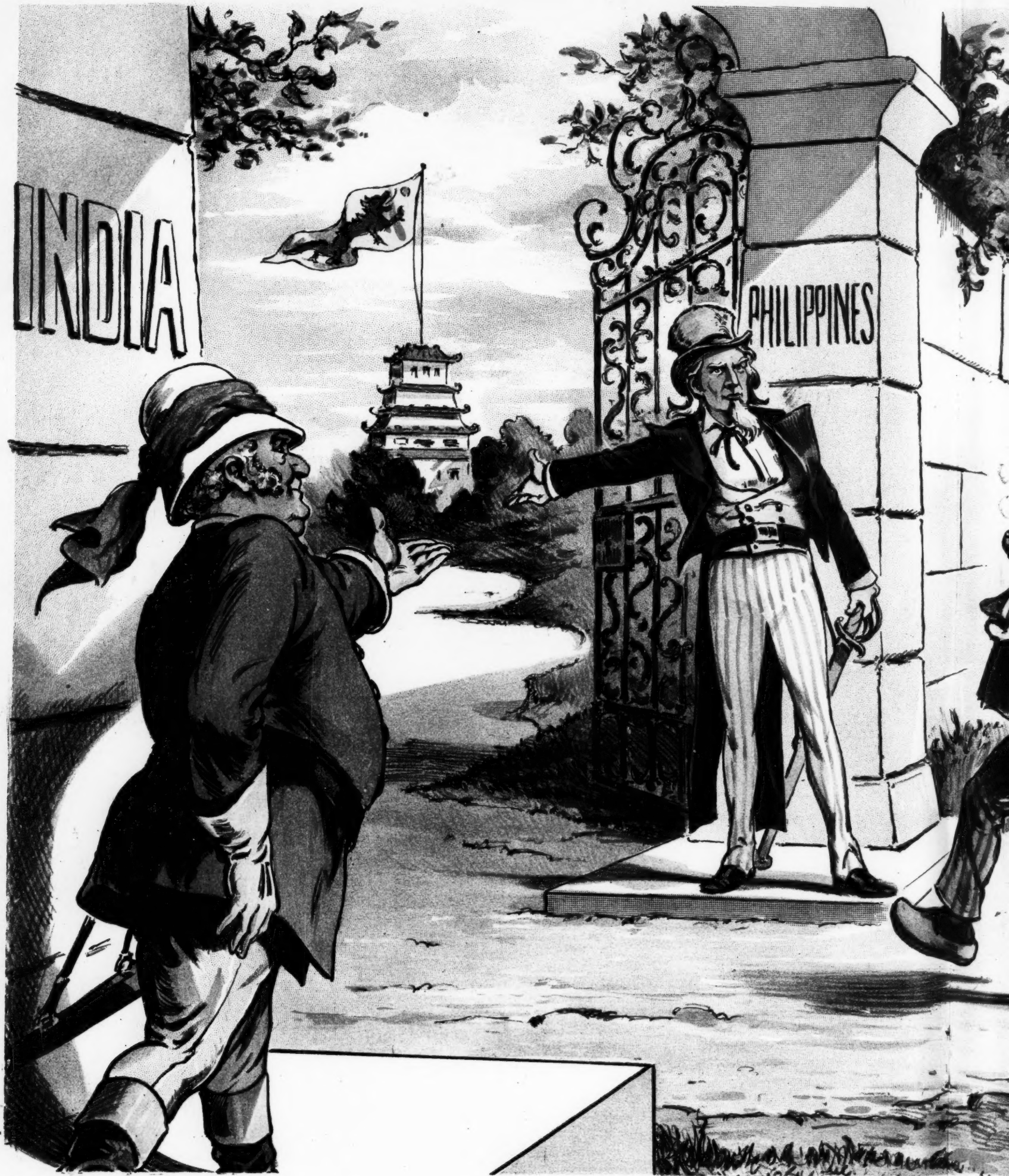
PUCK's own system, which he recommends to you, is: eat and drink as much as you really want of whatever you really like, but see that your conscience is clean or you can't digest that or anything else. Cultivate cheerfulness, a sense of humor, and the knack of resting. Keep your mind open so that your brain won't ossify, and to this end prefer the society of children to almost any other. They still have the secret you are looking for. And, above all, spend no time in wondering how long you are going to live. If you do these things well you will some day have a notice of your hundredth birthday printed on the front page of the *Sun*.



INFORMATION.

MRS. GOTROX (recently married).—That was Jack Young I was talking with. He proposed to me last Summer.
MR. GOTROX.—Indeed?
MRS. GOTROX.—Yes;—but the poor fellow has n't a cent.

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THE OPEN DOOR
IN SPITE OF ALL AGREEMENTS, THIS SEEMS TO PUCK TO BE THE

PUCK.



OPEN DOOR.

PUCK TO BE THE ONLY WAY IT CAN EVER BE SETTLED.

J. OTTMANN LITH CO PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

WOMAN'S WAY.



DECLARE, I'll not get over it in a thousand years!" said Mrs. Youngfrau, upon her return from the party.

"Not get over what?" inquired Mr. Y.

"Oh! that horrid, adorable hypnotism! Mr. Montague did it. You know he has such divinely enchanting eyes, and when he looks at you, you feel that he can see 'way down into the deepest depths of your innermost soul, and you feel uncomfortable and shivery — Oh! it was lovely!" and Mrs. Youngfrau sighed.

"I don't see anything enchanting or adorable or lovely in feeling shivery. If you enjoy it, perhaps we can manage to spend the Summer somewhere where they have the ague."

"It is n't like that. You feel a strong, irresistible will slowly gaining the ascendancy over yours, and hear a soft imperious voice calmly issuing commands that it seems a pleasure to obey, and you —"

"Take a foolish delight in making a fool of yourself before a room full of company, to the everlasting disgrace of yourself and family, and all because a young idiot without any brains happens to have the eyes of a startled fawn and the voice of a telephone girl. The pleasure depends upon who does the hypnotizing, evidently."

"Oh! you jealous boy! You don't suppose I would allow anybody to mesmerize me, do you? Why, I would suffer a million deaths first!



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GOOD CUSTOMERS.

HORSE DEALER. — Yes, sir; we sell most of our horses through the matrimonial advertisements!

FRIEND. — How is that?

HORSE DEALER. — Why, when we see a feller advertising for a wife we know he's a good thing to stick on a horse!

I was only giving the sensations as Miss Nottingham described them to me. She is engaged to Mr. Montague, you know."

"Oh!" (in a relieved tone.) "No, I did n't know." And Mr. Youngfrau resumed his paper.

"He does love me yet!" soliloquized Mrs. Y. "How could I have doubted him?"

E. S. Safford.

A STRONG COMBINATION.

SONGSTER. — My new song is bound to become popular.

SAGNSTER. — Why?

SONGSTER. — It's a coon "mother" song.

NO IDLE JOKE.

"You're travelling on wind," sneered the hansom cab at the autotruck.

"Well, that's a horse on you," truthfully guffawed the *fin de siècle* vehicle.

ALREADY ANNEXED.

MY LADY'S fair head is now filled with the notion Of widening our boundaries to furthest degree; But why should I care for more land or more ocean? The world is mine now — she's the whole world to me!

Old England is shown in her lovely complexion; She equals a Spaniard in handling a fan; She rides like a Mexican belle, to perfection, And copies the Amazons vanquishing man.

She leads the Parisians in costume artistic; Romany girls full of ways that beguile; Egypt's veiled women, so Sphinx-like and mystic, — All of them distanced by many a mile!

The beauties of Cuba with gayest audacity; Indian squaws of obedient mind; Fraus with true German domestic sagacity, — Where is a race with Columbia behind?

Seek for your model from Rome to Siberia, Denmark or Switzerland, Greece, Hindostan, Greenland or Guinea, Australia, Algeria, Highlands of Scotland or Isles of Japan, —

Take from these countries the types that are national, — Perfect in feature or figure or mind — When they are blended in measurement rational, One of Columbia's daughters you'll find!

Anna Mathewson.

SPEAKING OF MAGIC, there are demagogues who can make a mountain out of a mole-hill, and then make a living out of the mountain.



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PAPA'S DISCOVERY.

SUMMER BOARDER. — Papa says he's found out something since he came here.

FARMER. — Does he?

SUMMER BOARDER. — Yes; he says he did n't know there was any place where we could possibly have less room than we have in Harlem!

TROUT FISHING.

MORNING.



REEL.—By George! they ought to bite to-day! It's just cloudy and windy enough.

LINE.—That's so. And the water's just right, too;—neither too high nor too low.

RODD.—And there has n't been any rain for so long that nothing has washed into the creek to feed 'em.

NOON.

CREEL.—I don't believe there are any trout in this darned creek.

LINE.—What in the deuce do you suppose ails 'em?

RODD.—May be they'll bite better this afternoon.

NIGHT.

CREEL.—How many have we? Eleven? I tell you what we ought to do:—we ought to come out here some bright, sunshiny day when there is n't any wind. Nobody can catch anything on a dark, blustery day like this.

LINE.—And when the water is higher; it's too darned low to-day.

RODD.—And right after a good, hard rain. I'll bet we'd fill our baskets then.

Alex. Ricketts.



FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

"I regret to state," said the mosquito leader, "that we have had some casualties, but from the way the enemy is cussin' we believe him to be demoralized; and, at any rate, we are confident of our ability to keep up a guerilla warfare all Summer."

A COMFORTER.

YOUNG MR. ISAACS.—Der fact is, Fader, I haf had a deesappointmendt in lofe.

HIS FATHER.—Vell, cheer up, my poy! cheer up! Suppose it vos a deesappointmendt in peezness!

BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.

"The Christian powers," announced the dean of the diplomatic corps, "have decided to act in behalf of the Armenians!"

"Put me down for a box!" exclaimed the Sultan, cordially, thus showing himself to be far from inhuman, after all.

FANFARE.

With eager and expectant ear
He listened for Fame's Trump, at twenty;
But forty years' experience
Made him prefer the Horn of Plenty.



AN INJUSTICE.

THE HEN.—The goose that laid the golden eggs had a cinch!

THE DUCK.—Why so?

THE HEN.—Even if our eggs were silver, we'd have to lay sixteen to her one!

A DRAWN BATTLE.

VILLAGER.—The next street is Maniller Avenue and the next is Sandyago Street!
STRANGER.—Yes? And I suppose you have a Dewey Street?
VILLAGER.—No; an' I dunno as we ever will! There's too much fightin' about which street ought to get the name!

PERHAPS THEY DID N'T.

"I see," said the man who was reading the news from Samoa, "that one hundred British marines were forced to retreat by two thousand Samoans."

"Well," said the other man, "you'd hardly expect them to hold their own against such odds as that."

"No," said the first man; "I would n't even have expected them to stay long enough to count the Samoans."

NEEDED BY THE BEST AND WORST.

"A really good golf player must have nerve."

"And so must a really bad golf player. It must take a lot of nerve to play when you don't know how."



THE FOREBODING OF A NON-COMBATANT.

"This gas war is a great thing while it lasts."

"Yes; but I suppose when it's over the consumers will have to pay the indemnity."

PROBABLY.

"Does the Mormon law regard a man and his wife as one?"

"I suppose so. I guess it's a case of 'E pluribus unum.'"

VICTUALS OR VERSE.

TRENCHANT PENN.—The day of great poets seems to be past. To what do you attribute the decay of the art?

DACTYL LYNE.—To the increased cost of living.

AT ANY RATE, Captain Coghlan has proved that in order to attain oratorical fame it is not necessary to have a silver tongue.

IF AT first you don't succeed, O base-runner! you'll never get to second.

THE SCHOOLBOY'S VERSION—"Let me make the legal holidays of the nation and I care not who makes the rest of the laws."

IT IS too soon to say the Spanish war has passed into history; more properly, it is being detained at quarantine.

WORTHY OF WELCOME.

The birds will soon be singing
To dispel this country's grief,
But they don't know any "coon
songs"—

Which will be a great relief.
—*Washington Star.*

THERE is a world of difference between
letting your light shine before men and
making a firework display. — *Ram's
Horn.*

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York SOHMER BUILDING
Warehouses, 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

When dressing
it is a pleasure to
feel that your
Chester
Suspenders
are not gradually
losing their
stretch
AS
ALL
OTHERS
DO.

THIS MERIT IS DUE TO THE
GRADUATED CORD IN THE ENDS.

The "Endwell" model at 50 cts. The C. S. C. at 25 cts.
Sample Pairs post paid on receipt of price.
Scarf Fastener free to purchasers who also send
name of their furnisher who does not keep them.
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Amateur Photographers in
the world use the Goerz
Double Anastigmat Lens,
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with one. For sale by all dealers, or write to

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EXCUSABLE.

YOUNG MOTHER.—Horror! Here's
an account in the paper of a woman who
sold her baby for ten cents.

YOUNG FATHER (wearily).—Perhaps
it was teething. — *N. Y. Weekly.*

UNSATISFIED.

"A public office," said the serious
citizen, "is a public trust."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum.
"It's a trust sure enough; but I never
could make it pay dividends like the
other kind." — *Washington Star.*

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,
Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.

BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!



QUITE A MODEL.

MOTHER.—I don't like the looks of that boy I saw you playing with on the street
to day. You must n't play with bad little boys, you know!
SON.—Oh! he ain't a bad little boy, Mama! He's a good little boy! He's been
to the reform school two times, and they've let him out each time on account of good
behavior!

That "all gone" feeling—a chronic condition of the
majority at this season—is quickly usurped by one of
strength with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Millions drink Cook's Imperial Extra Dry
Champagne every year and the numbers are
rolling up with a rush.

Eau de Cologne

The most pungent, exhilarating and refreshing Perfume.
Used by persons of refinement. Imported into America
for three-quarters of a Century. Be sure to get "No.
4711," which is the standard in all civilized countries.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, N. Y., U. S. AGENTS.

SHE'S ALL RIGHT.

The Winter Girl is now forgot,
The Summer's yet to bring one;
But, just for instance, tell us what
'S the matter with the Spring one?
—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

POSITIVE.

"Perkins married money."
"How do you know?"
"I've seen his wife." — *Detroit Free
Press.*



Called Pioneer

because they are the result of "20
years' experience in bicycle build-
ing," in the first exclusively bicycle
factory in America.

Price \$40

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York, Brook-
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Are you Interested In California?

See for yourself if all that is claimed
for its climate and opportunities
is true.

The Santa Fe Route will make
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June and early July, on such liberal
conditions that you may see not
only California but any other portion
of the great west.

24 to 36 hours shorter to Los Angeles
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Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.

A WONDERFUL AGE.

MR. BROADBRIM.—This is a wonder-
ful age, a wonderful age!

MR. GOTHAM.—Indeed it is! Africa
is being opened to commerce and civi-
lization; France, England and Germany
are slicing up China; the Arctic are
being fully explored; the Southern States
are becoming great manufacturing cen-
tres, and New York is to have rapid
transit. — *New York Weekly.*

SUCCESS in life is like catching a
chicken: it seems easy, but in reality it
is hard to do. — *Atchison Globe.*

THE winter dances are nearly over
but the season for moth-balls is just
beginning. — *L. A. W. Bulletin.*

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

"Did yer ever take
part in anny athletic
games, 'Rastus?'"
"Reckon I did;
other night at John-
sing's I diskevered an
extrv pack o' cards up
a feller's sleeve, and,
'pon my word, dat was
de most athletic game
I ever seed!" — *Yonkers
Statesman.*

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EASILY used.**

They preserve the copies in perfect shape.

Price, 75 cents each; by mail, \$1.00.

United States Postage Stamps taken.

Address: PUCK, 39 East Houston St., N. Y.

"You may despise
this poor heart of
mine," he pleaded;
"but, oh! won't you
give me a fleeting
word?"
"Yes," she re-
sponded, and their
eyes met before she
bowed him out with
"go chase yourself."
— *Adams Freeman.*

WHENEVER we see a man with long whiskers, we think how much worse they must look when he is in his night clothes.—*Atchison Globe.*

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Kodak

Simplicity and Kodak Quality created the standard by which all cameras are measured.

That's why the clerk says: "It's as good as a Kodak," when trying to sell an inferior camera.

Kodaks \$5.00 to \$35.00.

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Kodak Catalogues free of dealers or by mail.

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JOHNSON'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS.

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In an unhealthful climate, however attractive your surroundings may be. The climate of Colorado splendidly supplements the grandeur of its mountain scenery. May we send you our beautifully illustrated book, "Picturesque Colorado," descriptive of the most fascinating portions of the Rocky Mountain region? Enclose two-cent stamp to prepay postage to

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Bevel Gear Chainless Models, \$60

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CRESCENT BICYCLES.

Catalogue No. 11, containing "Care of the Wheel," Free.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS, MAKERS,

CHICAGO

NEW YORK



MORE GAS.

CHOLLY—So your father said I was an obscure man, did he?

ETHEL—Yes; but I told him that just as soon as we were married he would see you in a better light!



JUDGE.—Did you knock this man down?

PRISONER.—No, Judge, I did n't; I tried to hold him up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE base-ball crank is what makes the game go round.—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

BACON.—I suppose, like most women, your wife wants the earth?

EGBERT.—Well, yes; but I have learned that she does n't want it on her parlor carpet.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

One Reason that so many men are now smoking VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

is, that they are the most satisfactory short smoke for all times and all places. For this reason they are economical and appeal to every smoker's common sense—through his pocket! They are little cigars, made with all the expert care and of the very highest grade of imported whole leaf tobacco used for the most expensive cigars.

Try one bundle of 10.

You will find many uses for them when you know them. At all dealers—or trial package of 10 will be sent by return mail in souvenir pocket pouch on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE! Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

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The American Tobacco Co., Successor.

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One man says: "I am always well, for I take care of my feet. I wear nothing but RALSTON HEALTH SHOES."

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KREMENTZ One-Piece Collar Button

Made of One Piece of Metal Without Seam or Joint.....

Best for Ladies' Shirt-Waists and Children's Dresses.

You get a new one without charge in case of accident of any kind. The Story of a Collar Button gives all particulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell Krementz buttons.

Krementz & Co., 39 Chestnut St., NEWARK, N. J.

A MATTER FOR DELIBERATION.

"I don't like the manner in which that nation has treated us," said the member of a European court.

"Neither do I," answered the monarch. "Do you think its government is weak enough for us to consider ourselves formally insulted?"—*Washington Star.*

JUDGE.—What is the charge against the prisoner?

OFFICER.—Snatching a pocket-book from a lady's hand.

JUDGE.—How much did he get?

OFFICER.—Three hair pins, shoe button, safety-pin, samples of dress goods, latch key, a recipe telling how to remove freckles, and six cents.

JUDGE.—Thirty days.—*Norristown Herald.*

For a tonic for the nervous and dyspeptic no'hing equals a little Angostura Bitters. The genuine. Dr. Siegert's in port or sherry.

New York Central's Grand Central Station, Centre of the City of New York.

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Wool Soap is all soap—nothing but soap—no adulteration—no filling—no alkali—just clear, clean, white, safe toilet and bath soap.

If your dealer doesn't have it send us his name on a postal, and we will send you a cake free.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.



1899- 35th -1899
Annual Statement
OF THE

TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863 (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.
Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00
ASSETS.

Real Estate.....	\$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank.....	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, 5,785,923.99	
Interest accrued, but not due.....	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security.....	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies.....	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums.....	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies.....	251,120.97
United States Bonds.....	14,000.00
State, County and Municipal Bonds.....	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds.....	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks.....	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds.....	1,462,300.00

Total Assets.....\$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department.....	\$18,097,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department.....	1,399,372.80
Present value, Installment Life Policies.....	507,044.00
Reserve for claims resisted for Employers.....	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment.....	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance.....	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.....	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department.....	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest.....	400,000.00

Total Liabilities.....\$21,209,625.36

Excess Security to Policy Holders.....\$4,105,817.10

Surplus to Stockholders.....\$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force.....	\$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance, written in 1898.....	16,087,551.00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value.....	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.....	1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in in 1898.....	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid.....	324,250
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.....	\$1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	22,464,596.75

TOTALS.

Returned to Policy-holders in 1898.....	\$2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.....	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

AN OBSTACLE TO FAME.



HENEVER I sit down to write
My plans exhaust my brain,
And, consequently, nothing 's done
When I get up again.

If only I could once forget
The things I'm going to do,
Perhaps I then would have a chance
To finish one or two.

But I can never find the time
To give to pen and ink;
They keep me busy every hour—
The thoughts I have to think!

Edward Boltwood.

HIS OBJECTION.

LAWYER.—Where do you reside?

MILLIONAIRE WITNESS.—I decline to answer.

LAWYER.—Because it would incriminate or degrade you?

MILLIONAIRE WITNESS.—No;—because it might get me into trouble with the tax assessors.

THE JOYS OF HUNTING.

THE GUIDE.—Now, you sit right here, don't move, and watch for the deer through that opening.

AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.—When do you think he'll be along?

THE GUIDE.—Oh! some time this week.

A FRANK ADMISSION.

HARVARD MAN.—What is the signal for your college yell?

VASSAR MAID.—A mouse.

AN ARGUMENT.

MAMA.—Buy you a billy-goat? I could n't think of such a thing.

JOHNNY.—Oh, Mama! It would be so useful to eat up old papers and things!

IN HEAVEN.

MRS. DE FRONT-PUGH (*anxiously*).—Do you really believe one may meet one's grocer in heaven?

THE VICAR (*reassuringly*).—Not if one owes him money.

VALUES.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"

As surely as you are alive;

And my pocket-book knows from the milliner's bill

That a bird on the hat is worth five.



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TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.

THE NEEDY ONE.—Oh! sir, please give me a job! My family is starving, and I hain't had a job since the snow-shoveling last January!

TAMMANY BOSS.—Well, Great Scott, man! You don't suppose Croker 's going to have it snowing the year round, just to please you, do you?

Evans' Ale



is constantly growing in popular favor as a Summer Beverage among the Great Army of Pleasure Seekers, because it is

Refreshing,
Appetizing, Satisfying,
Easy to Get,
Easy to Serve, Always Ready,
No Sediment,

and because it adds a zest to a picnic lunch that insures the happiness and enjoyment of the occasion.

Knocking around won't hurt it. No sediment—that's why.

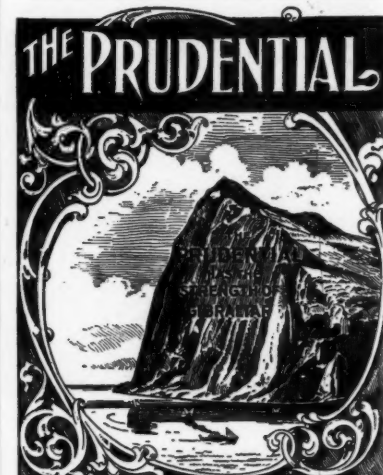
Any Dealer will supply it.

SCIENTIFIC KITES
LATEST CRAZE. ANYBODY CAN FLY THEM
SEND STAMP FOR 16 PAGE CATALOG
E. I. HORSMAN 380 BROADWAY N.Y.

A GREAT uproar in the Button bag disturbed my sleep last night, But a sonorous, loud, commanding voice soon broke the raging fight. "Fellow Buttons, let many us admit: we are fairly licked By those Cuff and Collar Buttons so well known as the

"BENEDICT".

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway and Cortlandt St., New York.



Why should you insure your life?

BECAUSE:

Prudence suggests it.

Reason approves it.

Uncertainty of life requires it.

Duty demands it.

Economy selects it.

No investment excels it.

Thoughtfulness seeks it.

Intelligence endorses it.

Affection constrains it.

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We will be glad to furnish full information about Life Insurance adapted to your needs and conditions.

Ages, 1 to 70.

Amounts, \$15 to \$50,000.

Write,

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.

New Ready: PICKINGS FROM PUCK, No. 31.

A CONTRARY LOT.

A woman seems a stubborn thing
And hard to manage till
You learn that when she will she won't,
And when she won't she will.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

OFF THE KEY.

"You must be on extraordinary good terms with the composer of that ballad."
"What makes you think so?"
"You are taking such atrocious liberties with his tune." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Yale Mixture

A Gentleman's Smoke

is the most satisfying pipe tobacco you can buy. It satisfies your taste, your comfort and your "pocket." It costs less than one tenth of what you are now paying for cigars of doubtful origin, and is clean, pure and wholesome. For sale everywhere.

A liberal sample—enough for a proper trial of Yale Mixture—will be mailed prepaid anywhere for 25 cts. Send postage stamps.

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Jaeger UNDERWEAR
PURE WOOL
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MRS. CRIMSONBEAK. — Has Mr. Crimsonbeak got home for dinner yet, Bridget?

BRIDGET. — No, Mum.

"I thought I heard him downstairs."

"Sure that was the dog you heard growlin', Mum." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII AWARDS GOLD MEDAL In Recognition of Benefits Received from



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FOR BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

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SECRET.

VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS. — I don't trust that Si Hawkins's daughter. She keeps up a secret correspondence.

VILLAGE DAME (shocked). — Do tell!

VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS. — Yes; she never writes on postal cards, and the envelopes she uses is so thick that ye can't make out the writin on the inside when ye hold it up to the light!

BOKER'S BITTERS

Quickly Cure Stomach Troubles, brought on by Heat and Overwork.

A WHIMSICAL WOMAN.

HOUSEKEEPER. — How long did you remain in your last place?

APPLICANT. — Sure, I left in wan day. There was no plazin' the leddy at all, at all. "Whimsical, was she?"

"Indade she was that! The first night she complained because I boiled the tay, an' th' very next morning she complained because I did not boil the coffee. Thin I left." — *N. Y. Weekly.*

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Cure
The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.
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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

THE LARGE WOMAN'S CHOICE.

She was a large woman with a wide, firm mouth, shaded by an incipient moustache.

"When I marry," she said in heavy tones, "the lucky man must have the advantage of a military education."

"Why so?" inquired her dearest friend.

"Because he will then know the value of implicit obedience to orders." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Ruinart Champagne has graced the boards of Royal Courts for nearly

Two Centuries

Czars, Kings, Emperors and Princes have pledged long life, each to the other, in that priceless wine—

RUINART Champagne

Among the changes of two centuries "RUINART" remains the same Royal favorite, and it should be your favorite.

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Upholstery Fabrics
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Country Houses.

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India Silks for Light Draperies.
Cretonnes.

Linen Stripes and Damasks for Slip Covers.

Beds and Bedding.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

THE NIGHT MARCH.

"Take up the white man's burden!"
At midnight's solemn sound,
Arise with half-shut eyelids
And tote the "kid" around.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WANTED: One copy each of the following numbers of GERMAN PUCK: Nos. 213, 214, 417, 425, 442 and 541. Ten cents each will be paid for same if in good condition. Address, PUCK, N. Y.



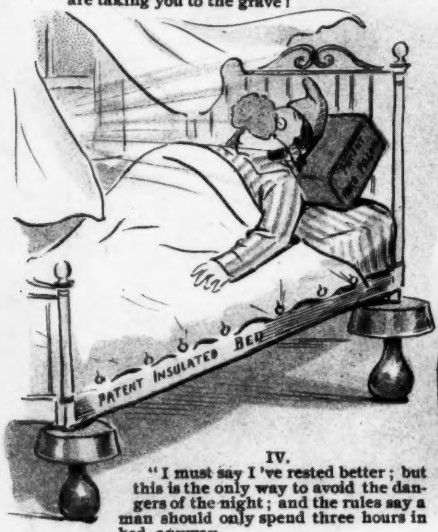
I.
FADBY (a life-member of the Hundred-year Club).—My dear fellow, you must join us at once. Delay may be fatal. You are doing things every day that are taking you to the grave!



II.
HARTY.—By Jove! this is great! If a man follows all these rules he ought to live to be a thousand!



III.
"This isn't exactly restful, but the rules say man's upright position in walking is responsible for half his ills, and the effect must be counteracted."



IV.
"I must say I've rested better; but this is the only way to avoid the dangers of the night; and the rules say a man should only spend three hours in bed, anyway."



VI.
"No more meat or claret! I must say I don't enjoy dinner the way I used to; but think of the horrible poisons I'm keeping out of my system!"



V.
"A temperature of fifty, a ten-volt electric belt and patent circulation-promoters. Oh! it's awful to think of the poor, ignorant souls who get into their bath-tubs without one of these precautions!"



VII.
THE DOCTOR (a month later).—My dear man, you are all run down! You must have been worrying about something. Now, get everything off your mind, eat plenty of roast beef, and take a little wine with your meals, and you'll soon be all right.



VIII.
JOHN SCHUYLER, of Cheboygan, Michigan—aged 110. (The only kind of man that ever reaches the hundred-mark, and he does it without trying. He would n't know a "health rule" if he saw one.)

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